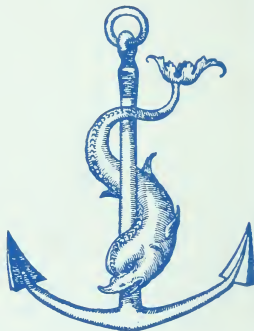




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THE STRING OF PEARLS.



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THE

# STRING OF PEARLS

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN.

*Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and  
Approved by the Committee of Publication.*

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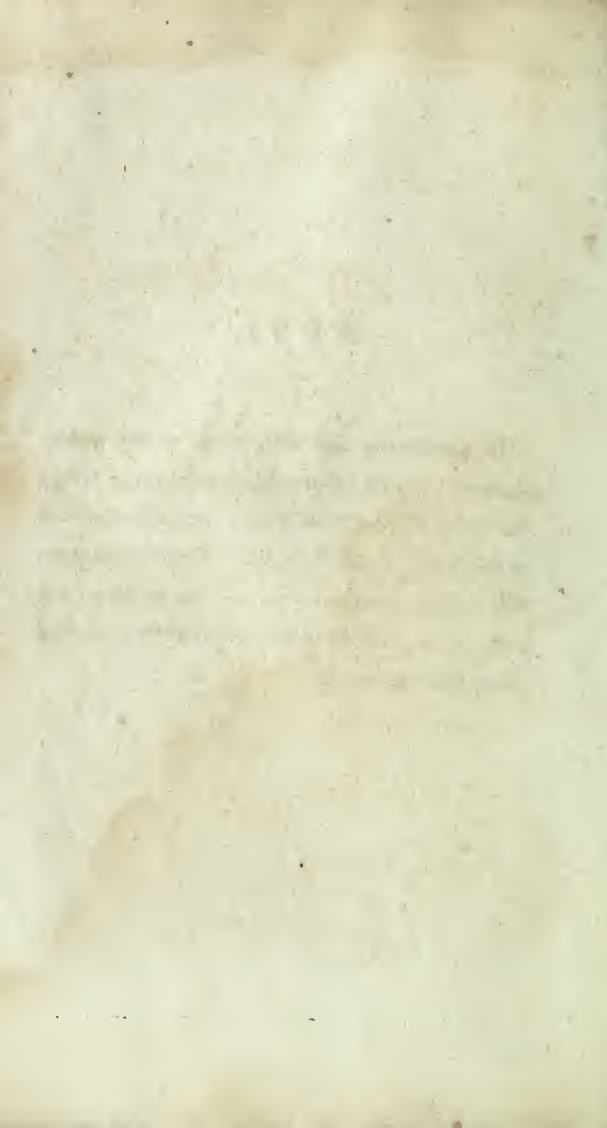
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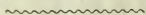
## NOTE.

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IN presenting this little book to my young readers, I would affectionately ask you to accept the string of pearls, of which you will find one at the head of each chapter. Their possession will enrich you more than all the pearls of the east. "So shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace unto thy neck."



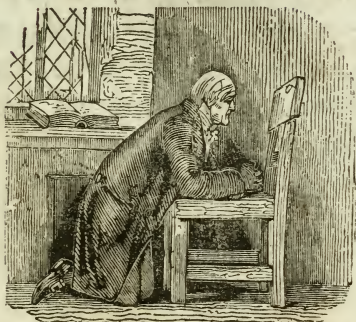
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## THE AFFECTIONATE FATHER.



*"Hear ye children, the instruction of a father."*

PROV. 4: 1.

Do you ever think how much you owe your father? He toils early and late, and eats the bread of carefulness, that you may be fed, clothed and educated. Above all, if he is a

godly man, how earnestly does he pray, as morning and evening he gathers you around the family altar, that you may be good children, fearing God, and keeping his commandments ; that you may be kindly affectionate one to another ; that you may worship God here, and be received into his kingdom hereafter.

There was once a pious father, alive to the importance of his trust, and who neglected nothing, in order to secure a good education to his son. A good example and pious instructions were employed for this purpose ; but criminal propensities obtained the ascendancy over the youth, and drove him to multiplied irregularities, which wrung the heart of his parent, and caused the most pungent sorrow. This unnatural son, listening to the



suggestions of a wicked heart, formed the horrible project of assassinating his father, that he might at once become possessed of his property, and be able to indulge to a greater extent in licentiousness.

The unhappy parent received the painful intelligence through a medium, which left no doubt on his mind concerning the fact. Stung with grief, and resolving to make a great effort to touch a heart so lost to itself, the father said one day to his son, "My son, would you take a walk with me? Your company will give me pleasure."

The son consented to the proposal, perhaps with a view of executing his barbarous intention. The father conducted him insensibly to a solitary place in the deepest recesses of an

extensive forest, then stopping suddenly, he addressed his son in the following terms.

“My son, I have been told, and have no doubt of the fact, that you have formed the desperate resolution of murdering me. Notwithstanding the many just grounds of complaint which I have against you, still you are my son, and I love you still, and wish to give you a last token of my tenderness; I have led you into this forest, and to this solitary place, where none can witness your conduct, and where none can have the smallest knowledge of your crime.” Then drawing a dagger, which had been concealed, “There, my son,” said he, “there is a dagger; take your will of me; execute the cruel design which you have

formed against my life ; put me to death, according to your resolution ; I shall at least, in dying here, save you from falling into the hands of human justice ; this shall be the last evidence of my tender attachment to you, in my extreme grief ; this shall be some consolation to me, that I save your life, whilst you deprive me of mine.”

The son, struck and astonished, could not refrain from crying ; he burst into a flood of tears ; threw himself at his father’s feet ; implored the forgiveness of his foul offence ; promised that he would change his conduct to the best and most benevolent of fathers.

He kept his word to his father ; renounced his ruinous vices, and became the source of consolation and joy, somewhat proportioned to the

grief and sorrow of soul, which he had previously caused him, proving the truth of the Scripture which says, "A wise son heareth his father's instruction, but a scorner heareth not rebuke." Prov. 13 : 1.

This is not a solitary instance of a son bringing trouble upon himself, and sorrow upon his parents by refusing to hear the instruction of a father.

The Rev. Mr.—— was, many years since, a laborious minister in the kirk of Scotland.

He had a large family, but his eldest son was a grievous trial to him, and filled him with distress. While his father was engaged in preaching on a week-day evening, he would join his wicked associates in robbing the orchards of some of the congregation. He was locked up in his bed-room,

but contrived to escape from the window by a rope ladder.

When he arrived at eighteen years of age, he placed himself at the head of the wildest youths in the parish, to concert and execute every possible description of mischief. In short, it would be impossible to say what he did not do; and such was his prowess, that whether he was the perpetrator or not, every species of mischief was laid at his door.

About the time we are speaking of, the Sacrament was to be administered in his father's parish; and upon these occasions, according to the custom of the kirk of Scotland, many of the surrounding parishes met at an appointed church, where several days were appropriated for the solemnity. When this occurs, presents of cold provis-

ions are usually forwarded to the minister's house, whose turn it may be to receive the brethren. Such had been the case in this instance, and abundant supplies poured in from all quarters, and were forwarded to the parsonage.

The tables were laid over night, and some of the provisions were placed upon them. Among these, was a large meat-pie, which any one among them could scarcely lift.

The following day, when all the ministers were assembled, the Rev. Mr.—— invoked a blessing and took his seat at the head of his guests. On removing a portion of the crust from the pie, it was discovered that the whole contents had been removed, and their place supplied with grass ; and on a piece of paper the following



text was written. "All flesh is grass."

The aged parent was so distressed at the occurrence, that his knife and fork dropped from his hands, and exclaiming, "Poor —— has been here," he fainted away."

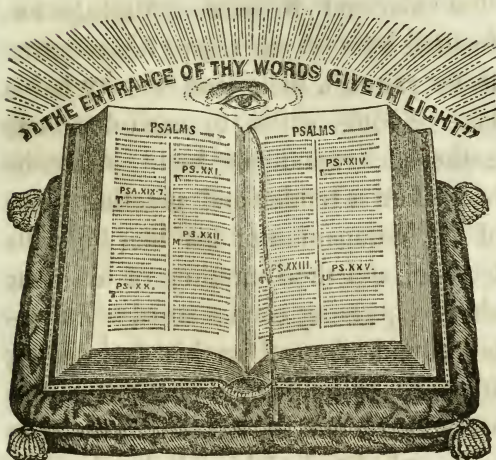
Search was made for the lad and he was brought in. When he stood before the assembled company, he was somewhat abashed ; but when he saw his hoary headed father lost in unconsciousness of what was passing, and when his conscience told him that he had occasioned it, his heart smote him, and the turning point was taken.

From that day forward, he was an altered character. He clung to his rebel companions, but it was only for the purpose of turning them from the evil courses in which they had been

associated. He insisted upon kneeling down with them to prayer, but they acknowledged him no longer as their leader. However, his unwearied efforts were not without success ; one or two listened with profit to his instructions, and the rest avoided him as a poor dispirited fellow. This young man subsequently entered the ministry and preached the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.



## THE DYING FATHER.



*"Let them learn to show piety at home, and to requite their parents." 1 TIM. 5 : 4.*

Have you ever stood at the bedside of a dying father? Then you can better

imagine the scene I shall attempt to portray.

The father, the dear, affectionate—tender father is dying. He feels that his end is near. Slightly refreshed by a short sleep, he requests to be raised a little that he may bid a last, a long adieu to each dear one gathered around his bed. After he had taken a tender and affecting leave of the companion of his life, he calls for one, and then another of his dear children, giving each a word of exhortation and counsel as his fast failing strength will allow. Then saying to all “meet me in heaven,” he falls back exhausted, folds his hands upon his breast, closes his eyes, and calmly awaits his last summons.

O ! what a scene for those children. While they stand sobbing as if their

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hearts would break, thoughts are busy within them. “O! how kind father was,—how gentle when he reproved us,—how he entered into all our joys and sympathized in all our sorrows.” Then conscience begins her work; “but how have I conducted to this kind, this best of fathers! Have I honored him, obeyed his commands, and profited by his reproofs?”

Happy is that child who can say from the heart, “I have endeavored to obey the Divine command, ‘Honor thy father.’”

A pious father, had long been the subject of a severe affliction, which at length terminated his valuable life before he had to human appearance reached its meridian. The evening before his departure, he desired all his children to come into his chamber;

and placing them around his dying bed, thus addressed them :—

“ You all know that I am soon going to be removed from this world to a better; and I trust that you are walking the same road and will soon follow me. You all know the road; great pains have been taken to show it to you. Where is it to be found?” The children all instantly replied, “ In the Bible.”

The dying parent proceeded, “ Keep hold of that chain; it will never mislead you. When you are in doubt, whether this or that be right, ask your Bible; see if your Saviour would have done so.” Addressing the elder children, he said,

“ Remember you are to teach the younger; tell them all we have taught you, and try to make it a pleasure,”

To his eldest son he observed, “When you go into the world, and meet with persons, who, perhaps, will ridicule the Saviour’s name, and the Bible, do not listen to them. Seek that society which will help you to practice the duties enjoined in your Bible. This book will provide comfort for you when friends forsake you. Every other comfort in this world has its drawback, and is transitory. When you are in pain or suffering, write upon it, The road to heaven.”

After the death of an eminent minister who died in 1803, one of his children exclaimed in anguish, “Oh! the good advice he gave us, and the many prayers he offered up for us! Having such a father, who is gone to glory, O mother, if any of us should be missing, how great will be our guilt!”

## WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.



*"Honor thy father and thy mother."*—EXOD. 20 : 12.

WHAT word in our language is so full of tender associations as that of *mother*! We are carried in imagination back to



the time when we lay helpless in our mother's arms, and think, how dear we were to her for that very helplessness; how often she was deprived of rest by her care of us, and how while we were sweetly sleeping, her hands were busily employed for our good, and her heart constantly devising means to increase our happiness!

A story related of Washington, the father of his country, affords a beautiful example of the self-sacrificing affection he exhibited towards his mother, and as it will be useful in pointing out one of the ways in which you can "honor your father and mother," I shall relate it.

When about fourteen years of age, George Washington entered the navy. When the time arrived that he was to leave home, he went into the sitting-

room of his mother to take leave of her. She was seated and in tears.

He approached her, and putting his arms about her neck affectionately kissed her. He was about to bid her “farewell ;” but he hesitated. Her affection and affliction unmanned him. He was young and ambitious; yet the filial feelings of his heart were stronger than any other ties; and here, nobly sacrificing his pride and ambition, he relinquished his purpose, and stayed to comfort her who gave him birth. The boat which was conveying officers and men, and baggage from the shore to the ship, continued to ply. At length it returned for the last time. A signal flag was hoisted to denote that all was ready. George was standing, viewing the movements. Several of his companions now entered



the boat, which presently was urged towards the ship by the oarsmen.

As they approached her, the signal gun for sailing was fired. The flash followed by the report was noticed by George, soon after which, the sails rose majestically one after another.

George could no longer bear the sight with calmness, but turned away, and entered the room where his mother sat.

She observed the grief which sat upon his countenance; upon which she said, "I fear, my son, that you have repented your determination to stay at home and make me happy."

"My dear mother," he replied, at the same time placing his arms about her neck, and giving vent to his feelings with a gush of tears, "I did strongly wish to go; but I could not

endure being on board the ship, and know that you were unhappy." We should have many more Washingtons if children would thus early learn to give up their own desires in conformity with the wishes of their parents.

Cowper, that prince of poets, expressed in the most impressive language an uncommon affection for the memory of his mother, and a just appreciation of her tenderness and love toward himself.

In a letter to his cousin, who had presented him her picture long after her death, he said, "I had rather possess that picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection, that her death, fifty-two years since, has not in the least abated." The following is an extract from the poem written on that occasion :

“Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid,  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit or confectionery plum ;  
All this, and more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,  
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,  
'That humor interposed too often makes ;  
All this still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.”

One other example of the strong affection of a son for his mother must suffice, and I will then illustrate the affection of mothers for their children.

The three sons of an eastern lady were invited to furnish her with an expression of their love, before she went a long journey. One brought a marble tablet, with the inscription of her name; another presented her with

a rich garland of fragrant flowers; the third entered her presence and thus accosted her: "Mother, I have neither marble tablet nor fragrant nosegay, but I have a heart; here your name is engraved, here your memory is precious, and this heart full of affection will follow you wherever you travel, and remain with you wherever you repose."

## LITTLE SARAH'S MOTHER.



*“Forsake not the law of thy mother.”*—PROV. 1 : 8.

My dear children, whenever you are disposed to murmur at any command of your mother, try to remember what she has done for you. Think of the

joy it will give her if you do well, and the sorrow it will bring upon her, if you neglect to obey her commands.

Remember the example of our dear Saviour, who obeyed his mother even when he was to be Lord of all, and showed his love for her in his crucifixion by giving her in charge to his beloved disciple. And if there were no other reason, it is enough that God has said, "Forsake not the law of thy mother."

I will give you several examples of mothers who have shown their love to their children in various ways.

Several mothers met at the house of a friend in one of our large cities for an evening visit, when the following scene and conversation occurred:—

The child of one of them who was about five years old, was guilty of



rude, noisy conduct, very improper on all occasions, and particularly so at a stranger's house. The mother kindly reproved her. "Sarah, you must not do so."

The child soon forgot the reproof, and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said—

"Sarah, if you do so again I shall punish you."

But not long after, Sarah "did so again."

When the company were about to separate, the mother stepped into a neighbor's house, intending to return for the child. During her absence the thought of going home recalled to the mind of Sarah the punishment which her mother told her she might expect. The recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtlessness to sor-

row. A young lady present observing it, and learning the cause, in order to pacify her, said—

“Never mind, I will ask your mother not to whip you.”

“Oh,” said Sarah, “that will do no good. My mother never tells lies.” It is worth every thing in the training of a child, to make it feel that its “mother never tells lies.”



## A MOTHER'S LOVE.



*“Can a mother forget her sucking child?”—ISA. 49: 15.*

I WILL illustrate this by the story of a poor prisoner who would not listen to his mother's counsels; but forsook the

law of his mother, and brought sorrow and trouble into his own heart as well as that of his aged parent.

Frank Oliver was a sailor, illiterate, and headstrong. Left in early life without a father to guide his youthful steps, he rushed thoughtlessly along in the path of folly and dissipation, regardless of the remonstrances of a widowed mother. His progress was consequently downwards, until he was arrested by the hand of civil justice, for a deed of midnight villany. He was convicted and sent to Auburn prison. As he was about to take his leave of home, with the officer who conducted him to a place of confinement, he was entreated by all the force of a mother's love, to think upon his ways, to conform to the laws of the

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prison, to read his Bible, to repent and obey God.

He mocked at the counsels and tears of maternal tenderness, declaring with dreadful oaths, that he would listen to none of her pious entreaties; that he cared not for God or man; and that he intended to give himself to sin while he lived!

During the first two years of his imprisonment, all the bitterness of his hostility against religion continued. A Bible was put into his cell, but he refused to read it, and to use his own expression, "would rather see the devil than the face of a chaplain."

At the end of two years he was persuaded to enter the Sabbath school, kept in the prison. Here the "sword of the Spirit" found an avenue to his heart; his enmity was slain; his stub-

bornness yielded to tenderness; and his hatred was transformed to love.

He now spoke of the Saviour with a bursting heart.

“Oh!” said he, “I bless God that I was ever brought to this prison! It was this that saved me from destruction. I should certainly have ruined myself, if I had not been arrested.”

At the mention of his mother's name, I have seen, said the writer of the account, the tears start in his eye, and his frame shake with convulsive emotion. “Ah, my mother! had I listened to her counsels! But I have broken her heart! How many sighs and tears, how many sleepless nights and agonizing prayers, I have caused her! When I think of my poor mother, I sometimes feel that I could burst the walls of my cell, that I might go

and fall before her, to ask her forgiveness."

He was released from prison, and immediately called on a friend to whom the above confessions were made.

After pledging himself to unite with the people of God, a Bible was put into his hands, when, with a bounding heart, he took his leave, and set his face towards the mansion of his mother.

## THE AFFLICTED PARENTS.



*“Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old.”—PROV. 23 : 22.]*

Two young men, the children of pious and wealthy parents, felt themselves exceedingly displeased at being con-



stantly refused the family carriage on the Lord's day.

It was in vain they urged their confinement during the week, as a sufficient reason why they should be thus indulged on the Sabbath. The father knew that the authority which commanded him to rest, included also his children, servants and cattle, he therefore turned a deaf ear to their entreaties and remonstrances.

In their madness, or folly, they determined to resent this refusal, by leaving their situations and going to sea. Intelligence of this step was transmitted to the Rev. John Griffin, England, and he was requested to make diligent inquiry, and on finding them, to use every possible means to induce them to return home. After some search, he found them in a ren-



deztvous house, and introducing himself, stated his business, and urged their return. He however urged in vain, for bent upon the fulfillment of their design, they thanked him for his advice, although determined to reject it. Among other reasons for their return, he next urged the feelings of their parents and especially those of their mother.

“Think,” said the good man, “what must your mother’s situation be, after years of anxious watching and fervent prayer; after looking forward to this time, when in your society and in your welfare, she hoped to meet a rich reward for all she had suffered on your account; yet in one moment and by one imprudent step, she finds you plunged into misery, the depths of which you cannot conceive

of, and herself the subject of a wretchedness, she has not deserved at your hands."

In the heart of the youngest, there was a sense of gratitude, which answered to this appeal; and bursting into tears, he expressed his sorrow for his conduct, and his willingness to return. Still, the eldest remained obdurate. Neither arguments persuaded him, nor warnings alarmed him. The carriage had been repeatedly refused; he had made up his mind to go to sea; and to sea he would go.

"Then," said Mr. Griffin, "come with me to my house, and you shall go out as a man and a gentleman."

This he declined, assigning as a reason, that it would make his parents feel, to have it said that their son was

gone as a common sailor. Therefore, as a sailor he would go.

“Is that your disposition?” was the reply. “Then, young man, go,” said Mr. Griffin, “and while I say, God go with you, ‘be sure your sin will find you out,’ and for it God will bring you into judgment.”

With reluctance, they left him; the younger son was restored to his parents, while all traces of the elder were lost, and he was mourned for as one dead.

After the lapse of a considerable time, a loud knocking was heard at Mr. Griffin’s door. This was early in the morning. On the servant’s going to the door, she found a waterman, who wished immediately to see her master.

Mr. Griffin soon appeared, and was

informed that a young man under sentence of death, and about to be executed on board one of the ships in the harbor, had expressed an earnest desire to see him, urging, among other reasons, he could not die happy, unless he did.

A short time found the minister of religion on board the ship; when the prisoner, manacled and guarded, was introduced to him.

Mr. G. began, "My poor friend, I feel for your condition, but as I am a stranger to you, may I ask why you have sent for me; it may be that you have heard me preach at Portsea?"

"Never, sir. Do you not know me?"

"I do not."

"Do you not remember the two young men whom you, some years

since, urged to return to their parents and to their duty?"

"I do; I do remember it; and I remember that you were one of them."

"I have sent then for you, to take my last farewell of you in this world, and to bless you for your efforts to restore me to a sense of my duty. Would to God that I had taken your advice; but it is now too late. My sin *has* found me out, and for it God *has* brought me to judgment. One, and but one consolation remains; I refused the offer of going to your house until I could be provided for, assigning as a reason, that it would make my parents feel to have it said that their son was a common sailor. A little reflection showed me the cruelty of this determination; I assumed

another name, under which I entered myself; and my chief consolation is, that I shall die unpitied and unknown."

What the feelings of Mr. Griffin were at this sad discovery, may be more easily conceived than described. He spent some time with him in prayer, and offered him the advice which was best suited to his unhappy case. The prisoner was again placed in confinement, and Mr. Griffin remained with the officer who was then on duty.

"Can nothing be done for this poor young man?" was one of the first inquiries made after the prisoner was withdrawn. "I fear not," replied the officer; "the lords of the admiralty have determined to make an example of the first offender in this particular



crime. He, unfortunately, is that offender; and we hourly expect the warrant for his execution. Mr. Griffin determined to go immediately to London, and, in humble dependence upon the Lord, to make every effort to save the criminal's life, or to obtain a commutation of the sentence.

It was his lot, on the day of his arrival in the metropolis, to obtain an interview with one of the lords of the admiralty, to whom he stated the respectability of the young man's connections, his bitter and unfeigned regret for the crime which had forfeited his life; and, with that earnestness which the value of life is calculated to excite, ventured to ask, if it was impossible to spare him. To his regret he was informed that the warrant for his execution had been that morning



signed, and was on its way to the officer whose melancholy duty it was to see it executed. With compassion the nobleman said,

“Go back, sir, and prepare him for the worst. I cannot tell what is to be done; but we are shortly to meet his majesty in council, and all that you have urged shall then be stated; may it prove successful!”

Mr. Griffin returned, but discovered that the morning of his reaching home, was the time appointed for the young man's execution. Joy, and fear, and anxiety, by turns, possessed his mind; as, within a few minutes after his arrival, came a pardon, accompanied with the most earnest request for him to go immediately on board, lest the sentence of the law should be executed before he could reach the ship.

Upon the issues of a moment now rested the life of a fellow creature, and perhaps the salvation of an immortal soul.

The minister reached the harbor, and saw the yellow flag, the signal of death, flying, the rigging manned, and for aught he knew to the contrary, the object of his solicitude at the last moment of his mortal existence. He reached the ship's side, and saw an aged man leaving it, whose sighs and groans, and tears, proclaimed a heart bursting with grief, and a soul deeper in misery than the depth of the waters he was upon.

It was the prisoner's father! Under the assumed name, he had discovered his wretched son, and had been to take his last farewell of him. Yes, it was the same father who had brought

him up in the fear of the Lord; who, in his earliest days had led him to the house of God; and who, when lost, had often inquired in prayer, "Lord, where is my child?" Fearfully was he answered; he had found him, but it was to part, never in this world to meet again. Such at least, must have been his conclusions in that moment, when, having torn himself from the embrace of his son, he was in the act of leaving the ship.

The rest is told in a few words: with Mr. Griffin he re-entered the vessel at the moment when the prisoner, pinioned for execution, was advancing towards the fatal spot, whence he was to be summoned into the presence of God. A moment found him in the embrace, not of death, but of his father; his immediate liberation followed

the knowledge of his pardon; and a few days restored the wanderer to the bosom of his family.

While we are affected at the relation of the above, let us not forget Him who after all our transgressions and wanderings, still recognizes us as his children, is ready to forgive our follies, and receive us into his arms of love.

May his compassion bind our hearts yet closer to himself, that we may no more wander from him.

## THE PRAYING MOTHER.



*“ For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given me  
my petition.”—1 SAM. 1 : 27.*

IN a seaport town in New-England,  
lived a pious mother, who had six  
daughters. At the age of sixty, she  
had been for many years the subject

of disease, which confined her to her house, and almost to her room. To a Christian friend, she remarked, “ I have not for these many years known what it is to go to the house of God, in company with his people, and to take sweet counsel with them. But I have another source of grief, greater than this ; one that weighs down my spirits night and day ; while disease and pain bear my body toward the grave. I have six daughters ; two are married, and live near me, and four are with me ; but not one of them is pious. I am alone. I have no one for a Christian companion. Oh, that even one of them were pious, that I might walk no longer alone ! ” Such was her language. She was evidently a woman of a sorrowful spirit, entreat-



ing the Lord with strong crying and tears.

Soon after this a revival of religion commenced in the neighborhood, of which her four single daughters were among the first subjects. A fifth was soon added to the number, but the other, the eldest, was unmoved. "Mother," said one of the converts, "let us all unite in observing a day of fasting and prayer, for our unawakened sister."

The agreement was made ; the day was observed. Of this, the subject of their prayers had no knowledge ; but on the same day, while engaged in her domestic concerns at home, her mind was solemnly arrested ; and she was soon after added to the Christian sisterhood.

The praying mother lived a few



years to enjoy their Christian society. They surrounded her dying bed, received her last blessing, commended her spirit to God, and followed the faith and patience of that mother who was first removed to inherit the promises.

It is said of a mother in Israel, lately deceased, that her Sabbath evenings were employed in reading the Scriptures, and holding familiar conversation about them with her three children.

After hearing them repeat a short prayer, and one of Watts' Hymns for children, she seated them each in a separate chair, while with maternal simplicity and endearment, she heard and answered their questions and proposed her own. Dismissing the two youngest to rest, the eldest, being

now six years old, was kept up a little longer. With him it was her constant Sabbath evening custom to kneel and pray.

At these periods, she forgot herself in endeavoring to interest her boy. She would begin with prayer for his father, who, at that moment was preaching to his people; then she would pray for her children, one by one. After mentioning their names, she either implored forgiveness for their sins, or expressed her gratitude that “the great God had made them such good children.” “I think” said this affectionate mother, about a fortnight before her death, “I think in looking back on all these seasons, my sweetest exercises were with my dear boy on Sabbath evenings; the house was still; my babes were in bed; my

husband was laboring for God in the Sanctuary ; every thing aided and inspired devotion. I think my dear boy will never forget some of these seasons any more than myself. Oh ! my happy seasons with my infant son. Taking this boy one day into the parlor where she usually performed these exercises, his father asked him if his dear mother did not sometimes kneel with him and pray ; with eyes instantly filled with tears, the little disciple artlessly replied :

“ Yes, father, mother used to kneel at that chair, and hold my hand, and pray for father, that he might do good, and for me, and Henry, and for little Mary, and all of us.”

If all Christian mothers were thus devoted to prayer, how much good might be effected.

A gentleman who was in the habit of visiting the hospitals and almshouses, in England, on the Sabbath day, to converse and pray with the sick people, relates the following incident :

“ In the summer of 1828, I went to the London Hospital, and was one day greatly pleased with the conduct of a little boy, five years old, who was very attentive to what I said. I had been speaking to a sick person about the importance of being prepared for death, and as I spoke, he carefully listened to me ; I told him I was pleased to see that he sat so still while I talked with the sick people.” He said,

“ O, I like to hear you talk about God, and good things ! ”

“ And who taught you to love to hear of God and good things ? ”

“Mother taught me to pray to God and to love Him.”

“Do not you think it was very kind of your mother to teach you?”

“Yes, I love her dearly for making me a good boy.”

“Are you always good?” I asked.

“Oh! no,” said he blushing, “not always; I sometimes tell stories, and disobey mother; and then she is forced to whip me, to make me a good boy.”

“What do you think makes you do wrong?”

“Satan; for sometimes when I think I will do good, I almost directly do something that’s wicked.”

“Do you love your mother when she whips you?”

“Oh, yes,” said he, quoting the Scripture, “The rod and reproof give

wisdom ; but he that hateth reproof shall die.”

“ Who taught you to know the Scriptures ? ”

“ Mother taught me.”

“ Can you read the Bible ? ”

“ Oh, yes,” he answered, and then read to me two chapters ; after which he told me that his mother, when he did wrong and was very naughty, prayed with him, and then whipped him, and afterwards prayed with him again.

I saw his mother, and she said that he was almost always a good boy, and always thanked her for endeavoring to make him so.

## JOHN AND HIS MOTHER.



*“ Give us this day our daily bread.”*—MATT. 6 : 11.

I WILL relate a beautiful illustration of the sentiment contained in the text at the head of this chapter.



In the sick room of a dear relative, says a distinguished individual, the conversation was generally upon a religious subject. One evening, "Trust in God" was the topic. My friend's principal attendant, a woman between fifty and sixty, whose deportment I had noticed for its propriety, and who had often struck me as possessing a remarkable sense of religion, suddenly exclaimed with great earnestness, "O trust in God, put your faith in the Most High, and you will never be deserted. I have indeed reason to say so, madam," she continued, addressing me, "I am the daughter, and the widow of a small farmer. During my husband's lifetime, I was very comfortable, and lived in plenty, but when he died, he left many debts; the farming stock, the household fur-

niture, and indeed all I had, excepting my clothes, were sold to pay them ; left with one child, a boy of four years old, I took part of a cottage, and endeavored to maintain myself by needlework, or going on errands, but I could not do much on account of leaving my child alone. I took great pains to implant early in his mind the love and fear of God, and a firm belief in his Saviour, and when earnestly engaged in this important duty, I almost forgot the poverty and want in which I was left. I assure you, madam, I have often shut my door, that my neighbors might not observe I had no dinner to cook ; I had been well brought up, and could not bear the thought of begging.

“ One evening we were eating our supper, we had nothing but bread,

and of that not sufficient to satisfy our hunger.

“Mother,” said little John, when he was finishing his last morsel, “what shall we do tomorrow morning ? there is no bread in the house ; we shall have no breakfast.” I answered him,

“Do not fear, John ; God has not forsaken us ; let us pray to him, and be assured he will remember us. I made him kneel down by my side, and prayed to God, that he would in his goodness have pity on us, and give us bread for the morrow. I then put my child to bed, telling him to go to sleep quietly, and to depend upon his God, who never forgets those who put their trust in Him. I myself, went to bed, firmly believing that my God had heard my prayer, and, commending myself to the protection of our Lord Jesus

Christ, I slept comfortably till four in the morning, when John awoke me :

“ Mother,” said he, “ has the bread come? ” Poor little fellow ! he had but a scanty supper, and was very hungry.

“ No,” I answered, “ it is not yet come, but be quiet, and go to sleep again ; it *will* come.”

We both went to sleep. I was awaked a little before six, in the morning, by some one rapping at my window.

“ Dame Bartlett,” said a woman, “ you must get up immediately, Mrs. Martin’s dairy maid is taken very ill, and you must come and milk her cows ;” here then was bread for us. I went to Mrs. Martin’s, and milked her cows, and afterwards sat down in

the kitchen to breakfast ; but I thought of my child, and could not eat.

Mrs. Martin, observing me, said, “ You do not eat your breakfast, Dame Bartlett.”

“ I thanked her, and told her I had left a little boy at home, in bed, very hungry. If she would permit me, I should prefer carrying home my breakfast to him.”

“ Eat your breakfast now,” was the kind answer of Mrs. Martin ; “ you shall carry some breakfast home to your little boy, besides.”

Mrs. Martin then gave me a basket of provisions, sufficient for myself and child for two or three days. As I returned home, I could not but thank my God, and feel grateful to him, and my kind benefactress. I rejoiced my little boy’s heart by a sight of my

breakfast. He got up directly, eager to partake of Mrs. Martin's kindness ; after a good breakfast, I made him kneel down again by my side, whilst I returned thanks to our gracious God who had heard our prayers the evening before, and who had given us a kind benefactress. When we rose, I took him in my lap, and said to him :

“ Now, John, I hope what has happened to us will be remembered by you through your whole life. Last evening we had eaten all our bread, we had none left for this morning ; but we prayed to God, that through his mercy, and for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ, he would give us our daily bread. God has heard us, and has given us bread ; may this teach you through life, to put your trust and faith in your heavenly Father. I most

earnestly pray to God that you may never forget this."

Dame Bartlett concluded her interesting narrative by adding, "And madam, I have never wanted bread since. I am blessed in my son who is now a man ; he is dutiful and good to me, and has never forgotten the pains his mother took with him in his childhood ; nor the exhortation I then gave him to trust in God."

My little readers, let me ask you to learn from John's experience, to trust in God, and in his gracious promises. "He was ready to grant the means for the supply of bread in answer to the little boy's petition, "Give us this day our daily bread ;" and he is as ready to give you the Holy Spirit to make you a new heart, with holy affections and desires, in place of the wicked



one which all unrenewed persons have, if you as sincerely and as earnestly ask for it. But there is one thing he wishes you to feel, before he can grant it. Little John asked God for bread, feeling that without it he must perish from hunger, and so you must ask Him for a new holy heart, feeling that unless he grants it, your soul, your never dying soul, must perish forever, and ever.

## THE GOOD CHILD, AND THE BAD FATHER MADE GOOD.



*“ Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.”—PSALM 8 : 2.*

THE following incidents show how God has often blessed the efforts of little children in the salvation of others, even of their parents.

There was once an infidel, who allowed his wife to send their two children to a Sabbath school. One of them, not long after, was seized with illness, and it soon appeared from the nature of the disease, he could not recover. The father came home, on the last evening of the child's life, from an infidel meeting, under the influence of the sentiments and principles usually taught in such society, when his wife said to him, "James is dying." The father went up stairs, approached the bedside of his dying child, and while he was looking upon him the child said, "Father, I am very happy ; I am going to heaven ; *will you meet me there, father?*" and immediately expired.

This appeal was too much for him. Uttered with so much simplicity, and dictated by the eternal Spirit, it was

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engraved upon the tablet of his heart as with a pen of iron upon lead, and sculptured there forever. He made many efforts to efface the impression from his mind, but without effect. He confessed that he was a drunkard, a blasphemer, and to use his own language, "the vilest wretch out of hell." The appeal continued to be more and more affecting to him, and on one Sabbath, having driven a party a few miles from town, for he was the driver of a hack, he put up his horses quickly, and went to church. The subject for the day was from 2 Sam. 13, containing the reflections of David on the death of his child. When he heard the words, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," he thought, "It is impossible." His past life and infidel ridicule of heaven forbade the

hope that he should ever meet his child in that happy world. Still, his mind was greatly distressed. He had no pious friend ; he could get neither light nor peace in this season of mental anguish. An agent of the city mission at length called upon him ; the man disclosed the state of his mind, and the instructions, counsels, and prayers of the agent were blessed by the Holy Spirit. The man's character is entirely changed : he and his wife are now regular worshipers in the house of God, and he is cherishing the hope that he shall meet his child in heaven.

At a conference meeting, a man once rose and said, " I am very thankful to God, and to you, for your Sabbath school. My son, who now sits

beside me, is my spiritual father. He heard me cursing while in a state of drunkenness, and said to me, "O father! my teacher said to-day, at the Sabbath school, that neither drunkards nor swearers could enter into heaven." This so affected my mind, that from that time I was enabled, by the grace of God, to leave off those wicked practices; and both myself and my son are now members of your society." He then laid his hand on his son's head, and repeated, "My son is my spiritual father."

Another story is of a little boy who lived in New York city, and who appeared to take little or no interest in learning, so that he was pronounced by his teachers a very dull scholar.

He learned to read but very slowly, and finally neglected the school, thinking he should never succeed. There was a Bible class organized, which he was induced to attend. And here he soon began to manifest an interest in the study of the Scriptures. He learned to read well, which much astonished his father, who was a very wicked man.

One Sabbath, his father took some nails and a hammer to nail up a fence, when he was reprov'd by his little son, who spoke about working on the Sabbath day, and invited him to attend public worship. The enraged father drove him from his presence, and threatened to punish him if he ever talked in that way again. The child went away sorrowful.

Not long after this, as the little boy



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returned from public worship, he went and looked over his father's shoulder, and observed that he was reading Hume's History of England. He went into the middle of the room, and said, "Father, where do you expect to go when you die?" Such a question from such a child could not be borne. "Away," said he, "from my presence immediately, or I will whip you." The child retired, but the father was troubled. He went out to walk, but still a load was pressing on his agonizing soul. He thought of attending public worship, for nothing else seemed so likely to soothe his troubled feelings. He entered while the minister was at prayer, and that day was the beginning of better days to him. He sought from God the forgiveness of his sins, and soon obtained the hope of eternal life.

A few years passed away, and the old man was on his dying bed. His son attended him, constantly administering to his spiritual wants.

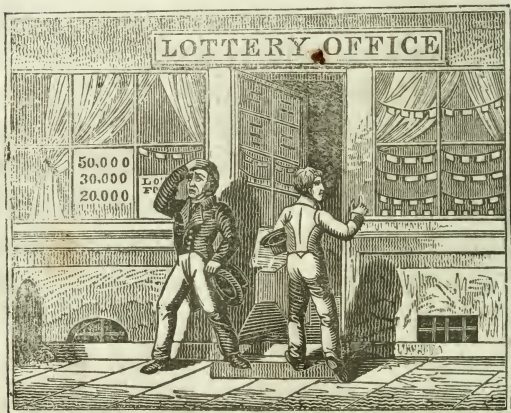
To a Christian minister the father said, "I am dying, but I am going to heaven; and my son has been the instrument of saving my soul." Soon his spirit was released, to be welcomed, as we have no reason to doubt, into the mansions of glory. Happy child! to be the instrument of saving his father from death. Happy parent! to be blessed with such a child.

My little readers, will you not learn from the account of these dear children to be useful to those around you? Be thankful to God if you have kind parents who are able to instruct you in

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the path of duty—and seek to do good to your little brothers, sisters, and playmates. If God sees in you a disposition to do good, He will give you the opportunity.

## THE GAMBLING FATHER.



*"A wise Son maketh a glad Father."*—PROV. 18 : 20.

HANNAH PRICE, a poor girl, had been instructed in a Sabbath school. The serious impressions made upon her

mind were soon visible; and she showed that she was converted to God.

Her father, though in his earlier days he received a better education than the most respectable of the poor have usually obtained, had become the companion of the most profligate men in his native village, and, by degrees, the worst of them all.

The ale house at night received the earnings of the day; and if any part remained after the guilty revels of the week, it was spent on the Sabbath in the same haunt of vice. His wife never reproached him, and only endeavored to win him from such society, and such practices, by the comforts of home.

But his home was the scene of his greatest misery, for there he had time

to reflect, and there he was surrounded by the wife and children whom he was daily injuring.

One Sabbath evening, after drinking and gambling all the day, and having lost all the earnings of the week, he turned from his companions, and scarcely knowing what he did, took the road homewards. One of them called to him to return, entreated him to have one more game, and added,

“Why, you will be sure to win it all back, you know.”

He stopped. “Why, if I could get it back,” said he to himself.

“Come, come,” said his companion, “one more game—only one.”

“No,” said Price, “I’ve lost all my money, and so I can’t if I would.”—But at that moment it occurred to him

that all his quarter's rent, except what was to be made up out of his last week's work, had been put in a cupboard in the kitchen at home ; and that if he could get that he should be sure to win back all he had lost. The money was to be paid the next day, and hardened as he was, he trembled at what he was going to do, and was terrified lest his wife and children should see him.

He approached the house, then ventured to look in at the window, and perceiving no one, he entered the kitchen, and went hastily up to the cupboard. It was locked, and he felt a momentary relief in the thought that he could not get the money. But again he said to himself, " I shall be sure to win ;" and he hastened softly



up stairs to look for the key, thinking he knew where his wife had put it.

As he passed the room where the children slept, he thought he heard a faint noise, and listening, he heard several sobs, and then a voice.

It was poor little Hannah, praying that her father might see the error of his ways, that God would change his heart, and make him a comfort to her mother and to them all. Her sighs and tears seemed almost to impede her utterance, and when he heard her call him her “dear, dear father,” and felt how ill he had deserved such a name, he could scarcely forbear groaning aloud, in the anguish of his feelings.

He forgot the key, crept to his bedroom and fell on his knees. He uttered not one word, but the language

of the heart is audible in the ears of mercy. That evening, for the first time, it might be said of him as Anna-nias said of the newly converted Saul of Tarsus, "Behold, he prayeth."

You will now, perhaps, my little reader, better understand the meaning of the verse at the head of this chapter, "A wise son (or daughter) maketh a glad father." Dear little Hannah, by her lovely conduct and earnest prayers, was the instrument in the hands of God of turning her father from his sinful ways, and bringing him to find peace and joy in his Saviour. As this is a very pleasant topic, I shall relate to you several cases where little children, Sabbath scholars, have been the means of their parent's conversion from sin to holiness.

An English sailor gives the following account :

“ I have been a sailor from a very early age, and never thought about religion, or the concerns of my soul, until my return from my last voyage.— My home, where I have resided eighteen years, is at a village near Workington, in a small cottage the next to a neat chapel ; but the people who go to this chapel being called by the neighbors Methodists, I never would venture inside the door, nor suffer my family to do so, if I could prevent it.

I usually sail out of Liverpool.— During the winter, the vessel is laid up. At those times, I return for a few weeks to my family.

Having a small family, and the times pressing rather hard upon us, during

my absence last summer, my wife, endeavoring to save a little, sent my eldest girl, about six years of age, to the Sabbath school established at the chapel. My stay when at home, being generally of short duration, my wife might suppose it would be no difficult matter to keep me in ignorance of the circumstance.

I came from my last voyage before Christmas, and went home. Being late when I arrived, I had not the opportunity of seeing my eldest girl, until the following day.

At dinner time, when we had sat down, I began to eat what was before me, without ever thinking of my Heavenly Father, who had provided my daily bread ; but, glancing my eye toward my little girl, of whom I was

doatingly fond, I observed her to look at me with astonishment. After a moment's pause, she asked me, in a serious and solemn manner,

“Father, do you never ask a blessing before eating?” Her mother observed me to look hard at her, and hold my knife and fork motionless; (it was not anger—it was a rush of conviction, which struck me like lightning,) apprehending some reproof from me, and wishing to pass it by in a trifling way, she said :

“Do you say grace, Nanny?”

My eyes were still riveted upon the child, for I felt conscious I had never instructed her to pray, nor even set an example by praying with my family.

The child seeing me waiting for her to begin, put her hands together, and

lifting her eyes up to heaven, breathed the sweetest prayer I ever heard.

This was too much for me ; the knife and fork dropped from my hands, and I gave vent to my feelings in tears. (Here a pause ensued, and he appeared much affected ; on recovering himself he continued,)

I inquired who had thus instructed the child. The mother informed me, the good people at the chapel, next door ; and the child never would go to bed, nor rise in the morning, without kneeling down to pray for herself and her dear father and mother.

Ah ! thought I, and I never prayed for myself or my children. I entered the chapel in the evening, for the first time, and continued to attend the means of grace there. The Lord hav-

ing awakened me to a sense of my danger, through the instrumentality of a dear child, I am now seeking Him with all my heart, and truly can I say, I am happy in the thought that ‘Jesus Christ came into the world to save poor sinners, of whom I am chief.’ ”

The following is another instance of the same kind :

There lived in the northern part of of the city of P— a little boy, whose name was William. One Lord’s day he returned from the Sabbath school, and heard his father, who was a very wicked man, swearing in a most profane manner. He looked at him with much concern, and went to his aunt, and said, “ Did not Jesus die for those who are sinners, and take the name of the Lord in vain ? ”



“Yes,” was the reply.

He immediately went up stairs “into his closet,” and prayed most earnestly that God would forgive his sinful father. He cried so loud, that his mother, who was in an adjoining room, becoming alarmed, went in and asked him what was the matter.

He answered, “Oh! mother! I am so afraid that the wicked one will come and take away my father, and he will not go to heaven and see God, and Jesus, but will have to dwell with Satan for ever, in fire and darkness, and chains.” He could say no more; tears prevented his utterance.

His mother assured him that God would hear his prayer, and save his father. He was much comforted by this; and in a short time the Lord

was pleased to answer his petition, and we trust his father was plucked as a brand from the burning.

You see by this, my dear children, how ready the gracious God is to answer your prayers. He only waits to see that you are in earnest, and then he will grant your petition. I have only room in this chapter for one more story.

A little boy, between five and six years old, who was taught in a Sabbath school, was ill, and supposed to be near death. One day he called his wicked and intemperate father to his bed-side, and said to him,

“Father, I am very sick, I shall soon die; but I am not afraid; for I am going to Jesus; and what shall I

tell Jesus is the reason you don't love him?"

He died, and went, it was believed, to the Saviour whom he loved on earth. The mind of the father became most deeply impressed, and he sought the Redeemer, whom he had hitherto neglected, attributing the change to the instrumentality of his dying son.

## THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

*“ Joseph is yet alive.”*—GEN. 45: 26.

JOSEPH had long been given up by his father as dead. Try, then, to imagine what must have been his feelings when his sons came from Egypt, (whither he had sent them to buy corn,) crying *“ Joseph is yet alive.”* The good old patriarch, little dreaming that their words were true, thought they were making a mockery of his grief, which, after a long interval, had not wholly subsided. And it was with difficulty that they could make him believe that Joseph was not only alive, but gover-

nor over all the land of Egypt. How truly did he show a parent's feelings when he said "I will go and see him before I die."

This interesting narrative, with which I hope you are acquainted, recalls to my mind several incidents of the same character which I will relate to you.

Some years ago, a pious widow, who was reduced to great poverty, had just placed the last smoked herring on her table, to supply her hunger and that of her children, when a rap was heard at the door, and a stranger solicited a lodging and a morsel of food, saying that he had not tasted bread for twenty-four hours. The widow did not hesitate, but offered a share to the stranger, saying, "we

shall not be forsaken, or suffer deeper for an act of charity." The traveler drew near the table; but when he saw the scanty fare, filled with astonishment he said, "And is this all your store? And do you offer a share to one you do not know? Then I never saw charity before! But, madam, do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last morsel to a stranger?" "Ah," said the widow, weeping, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away; and I only act towards you, as I would that others should act towards him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us, as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be

a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home, even as poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away !”

The widow stopped, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms ; “ God, indeed, has provided just such a home for your wandering son, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress. My mother ! O my mother.”

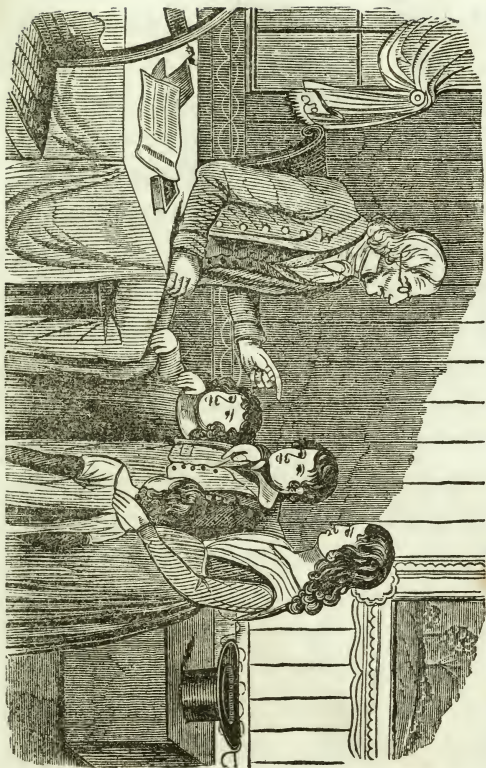
It was indeed her long lost son returned from India, and she could exclaim with the patriarch of old, Joseph is yet alive ! He had chosen this way to surprise his family, and certainly not very wisely ; but never was surprise more complete or more joyful. He was able to make the



family comfortable, which he immediately did; the mother living for some years longer in the enjoyment of plenty.

The following account, taken from a narrative written in Danish, cannot but be interesting to my little readers.

Many years ago, several German families left their country, and settled in North America. Amongst these was a man from Wirtemberg, who, with his wife and a large family, established himself in Pennsylvania. There were no churches or schools in that neighborhood, and he was compelled to keep the Sabbath at home with his family, instructing them himself to read the Bible and pray to God. He used very often to read the Script-





ures to them, and always used first to say, “Now, my dear children, be still, and listen to what I am going to read ; for it is God who speaks to us in this book.”

In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada between the French and English. The Indians took part with the French, and made excursions as far as Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burned all the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of the poor family from Wirtemberg, while the wife and one of the sons were gone to a mill, four miles distant to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and

son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children, who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes that nobody might follow them. In this condition they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided among themselves all the children whom they had taken captive.

Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina, with a little girl of two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was very cruel to them. Her only son lived with her, and maintained her; but he was sometimes from home for

weeks together, and then these poor little children were forced to go into the forests to gather roots and other provisions for the old woman, and when they did not bring her enough to eat, she would beat them in so cruel a manner that they were nearly killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she knelt down under a tree, and repeated the prayers to the Lord Jesus, and the hymns which her father had taught her, the little girl prayed with her, and learned the hymns and prayers by heart. In this melancholy state of slavery these children remained nine long years, till Regina reached the age of eighteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. While captives, their hearts seemed to have been drawn towards

what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns which she had learned when at home, and she taught them to the little girl. They often used to cheer each other with one hymn, from the hymn book used at Halle, in Germany :

“ Alone, yet not alone am I,  
Though in this solitude so drear.”

They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would, some time, bring them back to their Christian friends.

In 1764, the hope of these children was realized. The merciful providence of God brought the English Colonel Bouquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered



the Indians, and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition he made was, that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than four hundred captives were brought to Colonel Bouquet. It was an affecting sight to see so many young people wretched and distressed. The Colonel and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, brought them to a town called Carlisle, and published in the Pennsylvania papers that all parents who had lost their children might come to this place, and in case of their finding them, they should be restored. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came, among many other bereaved parents, to Carlisle; but, alas! her child had become a stranger to her. Regina

had acquired the appearance and manner, as well as the language of the natives. The poor mother went up and down amongst the young persons assembled, but by no efforts could she discover her daughters. She wept in bitter grief and disappointment. Colonel Bouquet said, "Do you recollect nothing by which your children might be discovered?" She answered that she recollected nothing but a hymn, which she used to sing with them, and which was as follows :

"Alone, yet not alone am I,  
Though in this solitude so drear ;  
I feel my Saviour always nigh,  
He comes the weary hours to cheer.  
I am with him, and he with me,  
Even here alone I cannot be."

The Colonel desired her to sing this hymn. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the Colonel restored the daughter to her mother. But there were no parents or friend in search of the other little girl; it is supposed that they were all murdered: and now the child clung to Regina, and would not let her go; and Regina's mother, though very poor, took her home with her.—Regina repeatedly asked after “the book in which God speaks to us.” But her mother did not possess a Bible; she had lost every thing when the natives burnt her house. She resolved to go to Philadelphia, and buy

one there, but the pastor, Muhlenburg, of that place, gave her one. It was remarkable that Regina still retained her early instructions, and was able to read it immediately.

And what reward did this good mother, who had diligently taught her children while yet in infancy the word of God, receive in finding her lost daughter by the means of those instructions? Why do so many parents neglect to communicate the best of gifts to their children? To dress and adorn them, to leave to them earthly treasures, to advance them in their lifetime to honor and dignities—these they trouble them much about; but to teach them to know their Saviour, to pray to him, to believe in him, to love and obey him; how many neglect

these things ! But what folly ! “ For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ? ”

## LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.



*“And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers.”—MAL. 4: 6.*

My friends, you have many of you read in little books, published by the missionaries to the heathen, of the cruelties practiced by them. Parents

throwing their little helpless infants to the hungry crocodile ; or tying them in baskets upon the trees to be devoured by the birds while they are perishing with hunger ; and also of children carrying their parents, when they become old, and are a burden, to the river-side, and there leaving them to die alone uncomforted and uncared for.

In this chapter I am going to relate to you some of the blessed effects of Christianity. Malachi, in the passage here quoted, foretells the coming of John, who was the forerunner of Christ, and assures us that these happy consequences will follow the reign of the Messiah, viz: that he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers.



In the following instances you will see how parental love, enlightened by the gospel, has triumphed over self and all selfish interests, and how parents have been willing to endure privation, and even death, for the sake of their children.

An aged father once went to the agents of a tyrant, to endeavor to redeem his two sons, military men, who, with some other captives of war, were appointed to die. He offered as a ransom, to surrender his own life with a large sum of money.

The soldiers who had it in charge to put them to death, informed him that this equivalent would be accepted for one of his sons, and for one only, because they should be accountable for the execution of two persons ; he might, therefore, choose which he

would redeem. Anxious to save even one of them, thus, at the expense of his own life, he yet was utterly unable to decide which should die, and remained in the agony of his dilemma so long, that his sons were both slain.

The following is another instance. During a dreadful famine in Germany, a poor family, consisting of a man, his wife, and four children, were reduced to the last extremity, and on the very point of being starved to death. Knowing no other method of relief, the husband proposed that one of the children should be sold.

The eldest was first mentioned, but neither of the parents could think of that; the dear child was their first born; they could not possibly part with him. The second child was then

produced ; but the mother objected ; the boy was the very picture of his father ; she could not spare him. The third, a charming girl, came next in turn ; but the father made a similar objection ; the dear child bore so strong a resemblance to his mother ; she must not go. Well, only one remained ; the youngest appeared. But here both of them united to say, “ We cannot part with him, this is our Benjamin, the darling child of our age. No, we will rather perish altogether than part with any one of our dear children.”

I shall now relate some instances of children who have been willing to give up many comforts, and even life, for the support and the life of their parents, and let us remember, while we

read them, that this strong, unwavering affection in all the relations of life, as contrasted with the cruelties and abuse practiced by the heathen, are all the fruits of the religion of Christ. Oh ! let us never cease to give thanks to God for casting our lot in a land where the light of the Bible shines, and where we may know and love the crucified Saviour.

During the French Revolution, Mademoiselle Sombruil, had been eight days with her father in prison, when the unhappy massacres commenced. After many prisoners had been murdered, and the sight of blood, continually flowing, seemed only to increase the rage of the assassins, while the wretched inmates of the prison endeavored to hide themselves from the death that hovered over them ; Made-

moiselle Sombruil rushed into the presence of the murderers who had seized her father.

“ Barbarians ! ” she cried, “ hold, he is my father ! ” She threw herself at their feet. In one moment she seized the hand which was lifted against her father, and in the next she offered her own person to the sword, so placing herself, that the parent could not be struck, but through the body of his child.

So much courage and filial affection in so young a girl, for a moment diverted the attention of the assassins. She perceived that they hesitated ; and seized on the favorable opportunity. While she entreated for her father’s life, one of the monsters proposed the following condition :

“Drink,” said he, “a glass of blood, and save your father.”

She shuddered, and retreated some paces ; but filial affection gained the ascendancy, and she yielded to the horrible condition.

“Innocent or guilty,” said one of those who performed the office of judge, “it is unworthy of the people to bathe their hands in the blood of the old man, since they must first destroy this virtuous girl.” A cry of Pardon ! was heard. The daughter, revived by this signal of safety, threw herself into her father’s trembling arms, who scarcely had power to press her to his bosom, being overcome by such powerful affection, and so providential a deliverance. Even the most outrageous assassins were unable to restrain their tears ; and the father

and daughter were triumphantly conducted to a place of comfort and safety.

Another case is related of a young lad, but newly admitted into a military school in France, who soon made himself rather remarkable by his abstemiousness. Whatever variation of diet was allowed, he never ate any thing but bread and soup, and drank nothing but water. The governor being informed of this conduct, attributed it to an indiscreet devotion, and reproved him for it. Nevertheless the lad persisted; and the governor mentioned the circumstance to Monsieur Paris Duverney. He had the boy called before him, and, with his usual moderation, represented to him that such singularity was by no means proper or allowable in a public institution, and



that he must certainly conform to the rules of diet established there. He afterwards unsuccessfully tried to find out the reason that could induce the boy to act in such a manner, and at last threatened if he persisted in concealing it, that he would send him home again to his family.

This menace had the desired effect, and he then disclosed the motive of his conduct. “You will not I hope be displeased with me, sir,” said he; “but I could not bring myself to enjoy luxuries, while I reflect that my dear father and mother are in the utmost indigence. They could afford themselves and me no better food, than the coarsest bread, and of that but very little. Here I have excellent soup, and as much fine wheat bread as I choose. I look upon this to be very

good living, and the recollection of the situation in which I left my parents would not permit me to indulge myself by eating anything else.

Monsieur Duverney and the governor could not restrain their tears, at such an instance of love, and sensibility. "If your father has been in the service," said M. Duverney, "how comes it that he has no pension?"

"For want of friends and money, sir," replied the youth. "He has been upwards of a year soliciting one, but his money and resources failed; and rather than contract debts at Versailles, he is content to languish in the manner I have told you."

"Well," said M. Duverney, "if the fact appears to have been as you have stated it, I will engage to procure

your father a pension of five hundred livres, (nearly one hundred dollars). In the meantime here are three louis d'ors, (about twelve dollars and a half) for yourself, as a present from the king; and I will advance your father six month's pay out of the pension I am sure of obtaining for him."

"How can you send the money to him, sir?" asked the boy, with precipitation, "if you can do it so easily, be pleased to send him these three louis d'ors, you were so good as to give me. I want nothing here, and they would be of the greatest service to my father, for my brothers and sisters."

And now my young readers, in concluding the first volume of these little stories, let me direct your attention for one moment to Jesus, the "Pearl of

great price.” He is the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. But he bears another name more precious than all others, the *Saviour* of poor lost sinners. Oh! why will you not come to Him, and ask him to send his Holy Spirit to convince you of sin, and to persuade and enable you to embrace Him, who is freely offered to you in the gospel.

